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MISSOURI and OTHER VERSE

By

Nathaniel M. Baskett, M.D.

Missouri and Other Verse

By
N. M. BASKETT, M. D.

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Canton, Missouri

1821—1921

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Dedication

This Book is inscribed to My Native State MISSOURI.

May every Centennial find her in the van of RIGHT, JUSTICE and HUMAN ADVANCEMENT.

And to every Native of the State;

May each assist in, and be a Beneficiary of her Progress.

The Author

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1821—1921

MISSOURI'S CALLING

Where hillsides are green, and where broad rivers roam;
The voice of Missouri is calling me home;
Let them tell of their castles and vineyards in France;
Of the beauties of England, and May's May pole dance;
The stern beauty of Scotland; the "Emerald Isle";
Of the Sunlight of Spain and her radiant smile;
But the voice of Missouri comes over the sea;
My home land is calling, is calling, to me.

Chorus.

Missouri! Missouri! Where'er I may be,
Like the steel to the pole star, my heart turns to thee.

Thy sons, O Missouri, may wander afar,
But thy charm shall pursue them, wherever they are.
Fair scenes may surround them, blue skies lie above,
But they turn with enchantment and rapture and love,
To dream of thy hills and thy radiance of dawn,
And thy valleys through which thy broad rivers go on
With an unfailing tide to the far-flashing sea,
And they long for thy glory, where'er they may be.

Chorus, Repeat.

Thy hills stand like sentinels, rugged and old;
Thy vales stretch their arms, clothed in emerald and gold;
Thy harvests grow white, and the glory of day,
The sunshine and shadow, incessantly play
Above their rich surface, which bends to the breeze,
With a glint like the sunshine on radiant seas;
And I dream of the blue of thy skies as I roam;
And I hear thy voice calling me—calling me home.

Chorus, Repeat.

O dear Native State! I awake to thy call;
I come at thy voice, for it holds me in thrall.
Thy witchery draws with an unfailing lure,
Which through distance and change shall forever endure.
Other lands may be fair, other skies may enchant
But my feet for thy verdure unceasingly pant;
Like The Bruce when I die may I sleep in thy loam,
With thy song of enchantment calling me home.

Chorus.

Missouri! Missouri! Where'er I may be,
Like the steel to the pole star my heart turns to thee.

NIGHT

Night, and the stars and waning moon,
One gliding ship,
And sails and spars that rise and dip,
Breezes that swoon and waves that sigh,
And break and die,
On barren shores incessantly.

GOING HOME

I'm going back; my feet shall press
The dried leaves of the wilderness.

And 'neath the old oaks straight and tall
I'll watch the days of Autumn fall.

And from their great limbs, bare and brown,
Hear acorn cups come rattling down.

Perchance, amid their tints and gleams,
I'll dream again youth's early dreams,

While broad experience shows to me,
My early dreams' futility.

The partridge in the hidden nook,
Will call again; the babbling brook

Will still go murmurming down the glade,
And sing the same sweet song it made

When first I heard it. And again
The thrush will wake the merry strain

At morning on the dewy spray,
I heard before I went away.

No more Ambition's restless dreams
Shall worry me; but sunny beams

Filtering through long green sweeps of wood
Where God walks in the solitude.

No more the eager fight for place,
I go to look on Nature's face,

To lay my form upon her breast
And soothe my weary limbs to rest;

Forgetting all my care to be
Lulled by her ceaseless minstrelsy.

Memory shall bring my mother's voice,
Which always made my heart rejoice;

The tuneful accents of her tongue,
On which my love with rapture hung.

My father's strong and manly face,
Who counseled me for Life's long race.

O days and days that intervene!
O years and years that lie between!

I'll seek again those faces mild,
That knew and loved me when a child.

Some gone—alas—some older grown,
While others with the years have flown.

But early friends are longest true,
And I will youthful themes renew,

With those fond spirits who remain,
And live my boyhood o'er again.

Thus by the cheerful fireside,
I'll reck not if the world is wide,

For youthful sports our minds shall fill
And early triumphs too shall thrill

Our hearts once more; and we will talk
Of those with whom we once did walk

In joyousness, but who have passed
To where there is true peace at last.

Careless of Fame my days shall pass
Like welling springs through waving grass;

No more a martyr on the rack,
To the old home I'll wander back.

The home I left when but a boy;
For there I know, is more of joy,

Than weary through the world to roam
For Fame or Wealth. I'm going home.

ULYSSES HOMEWARD BOUND

We loosed our boats and left the shore;
The mountains gleaming on our right,
The white-capped billows danced before,
The moon dropped sudden from our sight,
And radiant stars gleamed through the night.
And on that lonely heaving sea
We drifted forward in our flight,
From that strange island's mystery,
To greater marvels yet to be.

The swirling waves around the prow,
Responded to the sighing wind;
We heard the breakers overflow
Long reefs and barriers left behind.
We changed our course; our bark inclined
Toward the blessed Hesperides.
The winds of heaven were blowing kind
To waft us o'er the wrinkled seas,
To verdant islands breathing peace.

Hour followed hour, the great white stars
Rose from the ocean, glad and free,
And loosed from all earth's shocks and scars,
Our oars swept onward merrily.
What joy is greater, than to be
Upon the ocean, when the night
Is mirrored in the throbbing sea,
And all its waters flash with light
And stars o'er head laugh with delight?

We sang of better things to be,
When we should gain the longed for shore;
Rich islands rising from the sea,
And peace and plenty, evermore.
There should Pomona pour her store
Of dates and olives; and the feet

Of radiant Flora wandering o'er
The turf, make all the valleys sweet
And deck with flowers each fair retreat.

And softly there, each virgin maid,
Who guards, always, the sacred fruit,
Should, blushing, come, through bowers of shade,
With sighing harp and throbbing lute,
And tinkling cymbal and the flute,
To woo us with delightful airs,
Sweet strains, which make the spirit mute
And dissipate all earthly cares,
And all the pain the spirit bears.

And there again shall come the wives
We left behind, when we were young;
When Duty called us, and our lives,
Like harps to martial strains were strung.
They shall come nigh, with tender tongue,
To bid us welcome, joyously;
Sweeter than notes by Siren sung,
Telling in loving strains their glee
O'er our return across the sea.

The old home calls! Bend every oar!
Sweep on, O bark, through night to dawn!
Our hearts pant for the happy shore;
Breathe, kindly Heaven, and waft us on,
We're going home—the dappled fawn
Sighs not for brake, as we now sigh,
For wives, for homes, for verdant lawn,
For native shores and smiling sky,
Where first we lived and long to die.

NATURE

The round of Nature is eternal change,
Nothing abides in its primeval form,
From simple forms things pass to things more strange,
Transformed by simple forces, or by storm;
After chill winter, come the breezes warm
Of wooing Spring, calling earth from her sleep,
Renewing life with a perpetual charm;
Summer perfects them, so that men may reap
The fruitage of the Autumn, while the ages sweep.

How tenderly the Spring comes stealing on;
She treads the earth a living benison,
She walks the skies and scatters hues of dawn,
That banish Night and Winter; she doth run
Along the hills and valleys with the sun.
Where'er she treads she wakes the sleeping grass,
She calls the buds and flowers, and one by one
They answer to her call; where she doth pass
Earth crowns her queen, subservient to the Lass.

And quietly the lengthening days pass by,
A peaceful smile pervades the pulsing scene,
And on the grass the cooling shadows lie
And add a darker luster to the green.
A merry host, the forest monarchs lean
And whisper to each other of their past;
Of Summers and of Autumns that have been,
And winters with their snows and chilling blast,
And skies by wind blown shadows, darkly overcast.

Life is a round of flying days and nights,
We live, we know not how, yet strive to learn.
We fancy we can glimpse the far-off lights,
Which on the distant heights of Wisdom burn;
We pierce the depths to gain serener heights,
With ceaseless longing, our frail spirits yearn,

While like a mirage gliding on before
Moves our bright vision, and our swiftest flights
Bring us no nearer to the longed for, distant shore.

By Nature's alchemy the magic forms
Of life are wrought; she holds the magic key
Opening the door to all the wondrous charms
Which lie within her realms of mystery.
Like an unfailing river to the sea,
They glide before our vision; but I spy
No fairer object, than a perfect tree,
Green with the Spring, swayed by winds passing by,
Lifting adoring arms unto an azure sky.

For birds will sing their sonnets in these trees,
Breezes will whisper o'er the greening grass,
The brooks will babble, striving for the seas,
The rivers murmur while cloud shadows pass.
Morning's swift beams will radiate the leas,
With their long shafts piercing the caves of gloom,
While from the mountain crests the darkness flees;
Bright flowers in all their tender hues will bloom,
To give delight to man and beautify the tomb.

Lord of my Life! If in thy graciousness
That I must linger here thy will shall be,
Transformed by Nature into something less
Than that which now is recognized as me,
May I be linked with a majestic tree
Which rears in perfect form its crest on high,
Giving safe harbor to the birds which flee,
Unto its arms for shelter—and for aye
Lifting adoring arms unto an azure sky.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

Calling to me! Calling to me! Winds of the forest, waves of the sea;
Stars awhirl in the depths of space—shades where the planets have
veiled their face.

Lights from measureless depth or height,
Whisperings out of the infinite—
Sunlight, starlight, calling to me—
"Loosen your shackles—come and be free!"

Bud and leaf and radiant bloom—airs that faint with a rich perfume;
Grasses clothing the spreading lea—birds in their rapture calling to me.

Heights where no foot has ever trod,
Mountain peaks soaring up to God—
Calling to me! Calling to me!
"Loosen your shackles—come and be free."

Azure depths of a cloudless sky—clouds that over the mountains fly;
Trees that bend with a kiss serene over carpets of vernal green.

Mists which rest on the mountain's brow
And purple hazes are calling now.
Calling to me! Calling to me!
"Loosen your shackles, come and be free!"

THREE MAGIC WORDS

There are three words of Sentiment
Which glorify life's firmament;
Of all good things, they all good things excel.
Each thrills the soul, and each begins with L;
Each paints a brighter, better way,
And leads our lives to a more perfect day;
Each cheers and soothes and lifts our hearts above,
And bids us trust in God; Life, Light, and Love.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF DAWN

I travel on beams of light
From the far depths of space;
I scatter the shades of night
To fall on thy face.
The eager sea doth fly to me,
And the mountain beams in my ruddy gleams,
And the sleeping earth renews its birth,
And birds awake to song and mirth.

Who is so fleet as I,
The dawn, the Day-bringer;
Far in the caves of space,
I slumber and linger—
Till Heaven calls to me,
Hasten! Thy flight renew,
Thy way to earth pursue;
Hasten! With beams of light,
Scatter the shades of Night.

Ever, 'twixt Night and me,
Warfare eternal.
Darkness doth fly from me,
In round diurnal;
I, who Night's shades assail,
Seeking to grasp her veil,
Follow, and strive, and fail.
Space cannot bind her,
Ever she glides away
Before my wakening ray.
Ever, my feet pursue,
Over the gleaming dew,
Ever, behind her.

Never the strife shall cease,
He, who ordained me,
Bound me upon the wheel;
To duty chained me.

Worlds in their orbits reel,
Nightward and sunward.
Light and Shade know no peace;
Onward and onward,
In a continual round,
Far through the depths profound,
Still must my feet pursue,
And endless strife renew.

Wake! From the depths of space,
Come I, to light thy face.
Waken! The dawn is sweet,
Waken! My kiss to greet.

DAWN

Sun, sky and seas—A white gull blown,
Before the breezes, fluttering alone,
O'er unknown seas to shores unknown.

DAY

Sunlight that lies on glowing crests,
And hopes that rise in striving breasts,
And fade and fly,
And fail and die,
Beneath a stormy, cloudy sky.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG

Whence is this liquid melody,
Which holds my soul entranced and mute?
More pregnant, more infused with harmony
Than master-lips e'er wakened on the flute?
Sweet notes, that breathe through all the hearkening woods
And wake the silence of the solitudes,
Where happy Dryads dance, in care-free moods.

The breezes droop and die whene'er that soothing strain
Steals on the ear; the leaves forget to quiver,
The moaning pine forgets its song of pain,
The aspens cease to shiver;
And yon descending brook subdues its merry rune,
Babbling a soft accompaniment
Unto the mock-bird's tune.

In azure skies above,
The eagle pauses, as the notes of love
Smite on the ear; the cooing dove
Forgets his mournful note,
And in the grove
All little birds grow strangely still,
Listening unto the master-note,
Which floods the fields, the plain, and swelling hill.

And when I listen to the mocking bird,
My soul is deeply stirred;
There comes a glory in the sky,
As if a seraph band was passing by;
A spiritual thrill
That bids all passion still;
And when no more my outward ear,
The melody can hear,
That peaceful strain upon my soul doth lie,
Renewing harmonies, which can not wholly die.

FADING AWAY

The hour flies—the day flies,
The grass fades—the flower dies,
The wind blows—the stream flows,
Over the sea the sail goes,
To the rim of the dying day,
Fading away! Fading away!

The day fades—the stars rise,
God's innumerable eyes;
Meteors flash from sky to sky
And in the void of ether die;
The moon gray in rising day,
Fading away! Fading away!

The winds fail—the drooped sail
Hangs over the ship's rail;
The fog lifts, the cloud drifts
And light gleams through the cloud rifts,
They pass, they fly—no stop, no stay—
Fading away! Fading away!

Earth is old—Life's tale is told;
Time can no new charm unfold.
How slow the pace! The proud place
We once held in Life's race
Is lost; we may not stay—
Fading away! Fading away!

Whatsoever Fate may bring,
Still shall our spirits sing;
Whether we shall lose or win,
We can say, "We have been."
Like others we have had our day,
From birth to death, fading away.

THE LOST LENORE

I am the spirit of the lost Lenore,
I am aweary, with my weight of woe,
I wander through the skies for evermore,
To find again the love I used to know.

Where is he straying in the depths of space?
Surely my love should draw him to my side—
Oh! But to gaze once more upon his face,
To feel his kiss and in his love abide.

Far past the stars, so cold and pale above,
My weary wings have fluttered in their flight,
Nerved by a hope of reunited Love,
The one glad heaven of undimmed delight.

In ceaseless quest with deep, unending pain,
O'er seas of space I pass from shore to shore,
Out of great depths to greater depths again—
Calling—but hearing his response no more.

From the vague void no answering voice returns.
No longed for accent falls upon my ear,
Perchance through space a blazing meteor burns,
And vanishes adown the atmosphere.

Oh! Ceaseless quest! Oh! Love unsatisfied!
Oh! Space so great! Oh! Spark of Hope so small!
How shall the soul find where dead loves abide?
How shall Love answer to the searcher's call?

Yet will I seek, however vain my quest;
Out of the depths must come an answering sign,
Some dear, responsive message breathing rest—
Vibrating chords between his soul and mine.

DESTINY: A SONNET

I am the shadow that was born with thee,
The Fates enthralled thee at thine hour of birth,
And sent me forth to guide thee o'er the earth.
And hold thy frail mortality in fee.
Where e'er thou mayst abide—in earth, or sea,
My shadow haunts thee as their will dictates,
For I am but a servant of the Fates,
Who work the sentence of the law through me.
Though Furies scourge thee, or the Graces lead,
Thou shalt not vary from thy destiny,
If lapped in wealth, or stung by poverty,
Or pleasure wooes thee to her flowery mead,
I may not leave thee—nor may I forget
The debt thou owest—I collect the debt.

YESTERDAY

A thing which was mine and which perished,
A flower with a subtle perfume,
A treasure I wore and I cherished,
And lost in twilight and gloom.
Yet it grips me with unyielding fingers,
I call back its joy and its beauty,
And still as its radiance lingers,
Move on in the pathway of duty.

UNFORGOTTEN

Forgotten! No! The years may pass,
The summer with its golden sheen,
May clothe the mountain sides with grass,
And paint the vales which lie between,
Yet memory recalls your face,
Your witching smile, your youthful grace,
And so my soul your features trace,
Across the years which lie between.

Still friendship calls across the years,
However new, or changed the scene;
And eyes grow bright with unshed tears
And longings for what might have been.
O, memories of other days!
We meet, we part, we go our ways,
Life on our hearts its burdens lays—
The burdens of the years between.

And where you are—Ah, who shall say
Who whisper where your pathway lies?
Whether your footprints make their way
Where Summer sings and never dies;
Say—That your feet have gained the Isles
Where peace, 'mid endless verdure smiles,
'Neath azure skies, o'er boundless miles—
The boundless miles which lie between.

Upon the canvas of my life,
Is painted an enduring scene;
It glows across the years of strife,
The dusty miles that intervene;
We may not clasp a friendly hand,
The gulf of space may not be spanned,
Until we reach the Better Land,
Beyond the days which lie between.

THE FALLEN VESTAL

In accents sweet—enthralling,
From sunlit heights is falling,
The voice of Wisdom calling
Unto the human race:
"From valleys green and vernal,
Come up to heights supernal,
And quaff the draught eternal,
And gaze upon my face."

For Wisdom's crystal river,
Its current failing never,
Flows on through earth forever
To Life's unending sea.
From Glory's heights descending,
With Faith and Knowledge blending,
It pours—a tide unending—
Through all Eternity.

He, who would tread that summit
Must climb and overcome it,
No doubt must turn him from it,
Nor danger make him quail.
The Fates pound with their pestles,
Both neophytes and vestals,
And every soul that wrestles,
Or strives, those heights to scale.

Though passion call unto him,
Or Folly's form pursue him,
Whatever charm shall woo him,
He may not turn aside;
The ease of gilded places,
The lure of smiling faces,
And Beauty's warm embraces,
Are to the soul denied.

Alas! Alas! For Alice,
Fair votary of Pallas,
Who bore her crystal chalice
And poured her sacred wine—
Fallen, from filth and squalor,
What Deity may call her
What future good befall her,
To serve at Wisdom's shrine?

The soul with constant yearning
Must tread the halls of learning
And keep the censer burning
To catch its sacred fumes.
Out of Life's glowing valleys
Where spring time ever dallies,
The aspiring spirit rallies
To Love's immortal blooms.

Who wisdom serves must serve her
With constancy and fervor.
Such souls alone deserve her—
Her favor and renown;
To these, from Wisdom's highlands,
And Faith's enchanted islands,
The years, in soothing silence,
Bestow the golden crown.

And Alice saw the vision
That wooes to lands Elysian,
And with Youth's swift decision
She sought the glorious heights,
She trod the halls of learning,
With strong and constant yearning,
The soul within her burning
For Life's supreme delights.

No one to Pallas plighted,
Turns from the shrines benighted,
She keeps the altar lighted,
She guards the sacred fire;
Though Weariness come o'er her,
The sacred draughts restore her,
And if her hopes burn lower
She makes the flame rise higher.

But Folly's votaries found her
And wrought their spells around her,
And in their chains they bound her,
And led her from the path,
Into the fields of Pleasure,
And Dissipations measure;
She lost the golden treasure,
And trod the fields of wrath.

Her wealth of Wisdom squandered,
In Folly's fields she wandered;
Oft with regret she pondered
Upon her lost estate;
And withered, wrinkled, hoary,
Fallen from the heights of glory,
She tells the bitter story
Of her unhappy fate.

Come near—behold her yonder;
Gaze on her face and ponder,
Ye—who your birthright squander—
Gaze on her face and weep;
There on the bier extended,
Neglected—unbefriended,
Her aspirations ended—
Fair Alice lies asleep.

TO A TOO AFFECTIONATE FEMALE (Mosquito)

No greater triumph of medical science is known, than the discovery that the mosquito of the species Anopheles produces the toxic condition, which develops malarial forms of fever, such as intermittent, remittent and congestive malaria; a kindred species is responsible for yellow fever. This discovery is transforming lands hitherto regarded as altogether unsafe for the white race. It has also been shown that only the female excites this toxaemia; a concrete evidence of the statement, that, "The female of the species is deadlier than the male."

Note by the Author.

Little Ann Opheles,
Do not annoy me—please;
Pray, do not whine, or tease
In my vicinity;
Whatever else you do,
Do not my form pursue,
I'm not in love with you,
Not your affinity.

Serenades—melodies,
Sung with intent to please,
Cannot obtain the keys
To my apartment;
Mingling among the throng,
Too often and too long,
I've heard your siren song—
Learned what your art meant.

Leave my poor frame alone,
Think not that grief, or groan
Chanted in monotone
Ever can charm me;
Fixed—changeless is my will,
Why, then, keep singing still?
Your solo brings a chill,
Which doth alarm me.

I understand your game;
When I observe your frame
My cheeks are flushed with shame
At your fragility;
Go quickly from my sight,
Into the shades of night;
Think not to give delight
By your agility.

There's not a single note
Comes from your scrawny throat
That I can ever quote,
With lover's rapture.
Cease to pursue me then,
Leave me to book and pen;
Go! Seek out other men,
Whom you can capture.

Even though day has fled,
You shall not share my bed,
Spite of all you have said
Of your affection.
You cannot win my heart,
So, we will keep apart,
For not a thrill doth start
In your direction.

For your intent, I'm sure,
Is neither good, or pure;
My hatred shall endure,
So cease your sighing.
For if you whine again
Even outside my den,
I'll stab you with my pen,
Or be found trying.

SWEETHEARTS

In the camera of memory
Their faces come and go—
The sweethearts of my boyhood
I loved so long ago.
Touched by the subtle witchery
Of some remembered strain,
I see their faces taking shape—
They live and breathe again.
They come and stand around me,
Like sweet, enchanting Graces,
And the glory of undying Youth,
Is on their rounded faces.
Their dimpled arms and shoulders gleam
With Youth's pulsating hue—
My fancy surges backward
And my pulses throb anew,
As I glance adown the distance
Where loved forms walked to and fro,
Hand in hand with Youth and Beauty
Sweethearts of long ago.

I sit beside my hearthstone
And gaze into the fire;
The hickory cracks and sparkles
As the flames go leaping higher,
And in the glowing embers
They come back one by one.
Some, spirits of the twilight,
Some, daughters of the sun;
I gaze, and almost fancy,
I can hear each gentle voice
Sweep through the halls of Memory,
To make my heart rejoice;
Their bursts of merry laughter
Revive my aching heart,
And renew sweet recollections,

Which never can depart.
That part of deep affection
We treasure o'er and o'er,
In the spirit's inmost chambers,
And which goes out no more.

I see their glowing tresses
In the incandescent gleam
Of the flashing, flaming embers
Like sunlight on a stream.
I catch the merry glances
From eyes whose loving light
Has filled my soul with rapture
And made existence bright;
Clear eyes of perfect beauty,
Displaying every hue,
The gray, the brown, the violet,
The hazel and the blue.
They come to me like phantoms
That have been forced to roam,
And have found again with gladness
The pleasant haunts of home.
I strive to keep each gentle face—
But—be it grave or gay,
It lingers but a little while
And slowly fades away.

Dear girls! Not all are living,
And not all of them are dead.
The fleeting years of life have laid
Their burdens on each head;
Some sleep the restful sleep of Death,
And thus they have become
The holy memories of youth,
No change can keep me from.
And others fill their places
In the destiny of life,
And bravely bear the burdens

Of motherhood and wife;
Thus Time has turned the dial's hands
And each has had to stray
From the joy, and the light heartedness
Which held their youthful sway,
But in sweet memory's corridors
They still walk to and fro;
The spirits' sweet and welcome guests;
Sweethearts of long ago.

O! If a poet's powers were mine,
The sweetest song e'er sung,
Would be of those I learned to love
When Life and Thought were young.
What changes Time has wrought in them
I do not think or care;
They haunt my memory as young.
As when I knew them, there—
Upon Life's opening threshold,
When hope was all before;
Before the Mocking Hours sang,
"We will return no more."
For in eternal youth they dwell,
And with serenest smiles
They range the vernal fields of Youth,
On memory's blissful isles.
And care is all forgotten
And quick'ning breezes blow
To kiss, and beautify their cheeks,
The Loves of Long Ago.

LITTLE BLUE EYES

A Lullaby

Little Blue Eyes, and Golden Hair,
Face all dimpling o'er with smiles—
Come! Let us go where the world is fair;
Come! Let us go to the Thousand Isles;
Over your cheeks the twilight steals,
Into your eyes the shadows creep;
Come! Let us float
In our Dream-land boat
To the Thousand Isles in the Gulf of Sleep.

On those Isles are the Sunkissed Hills—
There through long grasses cool and deep,
Murmur the waters of crystal rills,
And Fairies singing the flowers to sleep.
Dreamily—slow—
Onward we go,
Over sleeping wave, and moon-kissed miles,
While the balmy airs of the south winds blow,
On the Gulf of Sleep by the Thousand Isles.

Little Blue Eyes, and Golden Hair,
Your mother steers to that Magic Land;
Fairies wait to welcome you there,
With a tender kiss and a gentle hand;
See! They are pressing your eyelids down;
Into your eyes the shadows creep;
Now, you have come to Sleepy Town,
On the Thousand Isles in the Gulf of Sleep.

SONG OF THE SWALLOW

We come o'er leagues of meads and hills,
Where flowers and grass are springing;
By winding creeks and rippling rills,
Toward the ocean singing.
They gladly sing and swiftly flow
From winter's cold embraces,
As through the vernal fields they go,
To Springtime's greening spaces.
We watch the sunlight chase the shade
Across the distant meadow,
And far away, the valleys fade
Into the purple shadow.
On, and still on, through Spring's glad days,
From state to state we follow,
And hear glad voices rise in praise
To Heaven for the swallow.

The service blooms are white as snow
Along the southern hillside,
And hawthorn blossoms sweetly blow,
By many a curving rill-side;
The maple buds in pink and green
Their tender leaves unfurl,
And in the tossing boughs are seen
Many a tawny squirrel.
Here glows the Crocus' fragile cup
And children gladly linger,
There violets are lifted up,
Plucked by some maiden's finger.
So on we go, from land to land,
O'er hilltop and o'er hollow.
We hear men say, "The Spring's at hand;
Thank Heaven for the Swallow."

And all the hills awake to life
And all the earth rejoices;
Sweet notes rise banishing all strife—
Bird's song and children's voices,
Young childhood's notes—fresh tones as sweet
As any we can utter,
And happily their young hearts beat,
As our light pinions flutter.
O, children sweet—how fair they are
With flowers upon their bosoms,
Gems of the earth—home's brightest stars,
And Heaven's purest blossoms.
Hear the enchanting song they sing,
"All beauty let us follow,
Heaven sends us gladness with the spring,
For Heaven has sent the swallow."

And aged men, with weary eyes,
Look up with smiles of gladness,
They hear our first soft carols rise,
And they forget their sadness.
"Like you we come—like you we go,"
We hear them softly murmur;
"We fly away from Winter's snow,
And seek an endless Summer;
Our lives go out on unknown seas,
To undiscovered islands,
Blown onward by Time's chilling breeze,
Into the land of silence."
"O, little birds when death shall come,
Whose shadow all must follow,
May we then say, 'We're going home,
For Love has sent the swallow'."

O DEATHLESS LOVE.

A Song

O Deathless Love! So pure and sweet,
Come take me gently by the hand
And lead me to thy better land,
Reviving Love—so pure and sweet.

Chorus

Still lead me on—still lead me on,
Through Life's dark vale into the dawn;
Till I rejoice o'er sorrows past,
And know that Love and Truth shall last.

No more the fever that consumes
Be mine;—nor days of suns and glooms;
But rest where endless summer blooms,—
Reviving Love,—so pure and sweet.

Chorus

O lead me where the lilies blow,
Where crystal waters murmur low,
And fragrant breezes come and go;
Reviving Love,—so pure and sweet.

Chorus

Thy touch shall quicken as with wine,
Each soul, that lays his hand in Thine,
To walk with Thee in realms divine,—
Reviving Love,—so pure and sweet.

Chorus

GOD IS LOVE"

LOVE

There is an essence in the Universe
That mitigates the curse
Entailed upon the race when Adam fell;
With an enchanters spell
It leads our weary feet
To Eden's garden, sweet,
And gives our longing eyes
Glimpses of Paradise.
Its gentle influence
Inspires our every sense
And draws our vision from the things of Earth
Into a purer and serener sky
Where all the baser passions die
And the soul clasps alone the things of worth.

This spiritual fire
That gloweth in our bodies after birth
And beautifies the Earth
And makes the stars one universal choir
Of harmony and melody is Love.
Higher than heights,—above
All our conceptions does its influence go;
Deeper than depths,—below,
In unsunned spaces that we dream not of,
Doth its entrancing currents flow,
Who feels love's warmth doth know
All happiness, and he who fails
To feel its tender glow,
Drifts as a storm tossed bark before the gales
With shattered masts and tempest riven sails.

This wondrous influence
Permeates every sense;
It is the center and circumference
Of all that is, or has been.

Beyond the bounds of sin
It had its origin.
It keepeth tryst
In all halls of creation;
Where'er is consciousness it doth exist.
It singeth, singeth, singeth, every where.
If skies are dark, or suns rise bright and fair,
Thought comets whirl, or constellations burn,
Or nebulae through mighty aeons turn,
A song of rapture pours from Nature's urn,
Perpetual adoration:
It guides, directs,—a universal power;
And ceases not through aeon, year, or hour;
For all create existence is endued
Unto an ultimate result for good.

Love is an Inspiration and a Force
And God its primal source.
It is a lambent fire
Which bears the spirit higher.
So the true poet sings
Not the mere facts of Science,—not the creed
Of bald material things;
He rests upon the wings
Of soaring spirits; powers who upward lead
To everlasting springs.
He learns of laws that move
In rythmic melody impelled by love:
Sweet influences whose object tends
To universal good and toward God ascends.
The seraphim and cherubim
In concord sweet attend to him.
All man's best thoughts, which toward God aspire
Ever endure—a hallowed fire.
Love sets the pulses of the soul astir;
And every noble thought
Comes from The Father, brought
By Love his winged messenger.

This essence fashioneth
The seeds of life and death;
It paints the glory of the rose,
And in the sunset glows;
It gives the summer's sheen,
And clothes the world in green.
The morning, with its changing hues,
The grassy strand bedecked with dews,
The song-bird welcoming the day
With unpremeditated lay,
The rivers silver current to the sea,
Old Ocean, tossing free,—
All, are obedient to this force,
Whose origin, and source,
Are hidden in the Grace
Of Him, who veils His face
In the broad chambers of unbounded space.

In many a changing form
Love takes his silent flight;
Riding upon the storm
Through chasms of the night.
The seasons come and go,
The great tides ebb and flow;
For good the winds in ceaseless round are driven
Under the circumambient of heaven;
    Cataracts pour,
    Their waters o'er
Creviced rocks and chasms to the shore;
    The crystal rills
    Sing through the hills
As to the sea their currents pour.
Forest giants their branches bend
As through their leaves descend,
The harmony of that continuous song
Upon whose crest all things are borne along;
That song—"How good shall thrive and evil cease,
And Nature slumber lapped in Universal Peace."

After a glorious birth,
Love stooped to walk the earth
From some fair center, where uplift
The strong foundations of the throne of God,
Through infinite realms its currents drift,
And spread their waves abroad.
Guided by this pervasive force
Atoms and worlds pursue their predetermined course.
Love was not born of law;
It sits above it blameless and doth keep
Its precedence and draws
All souls that suffer and all eyes that weep.
In things inanimate
It binds the crystal to its mate,
By its great power compelling them
To forms of beauty,—Nature's diadem.

Wooed from the bud each flower blows;
Here shine the pink, magnolia, lily, rose,
And from each honeyed heart,
Doth joyously impart
The fragrance of existence;—all
The whispering plants which to each other call
Thrilled by Love's magic power, bend
In humble servitude and for Love's praise contend.
So in the fields of air
The birds, Love's praise declare;
All things both small and great
Bow to it when they mate.
The clouds send down their showers of rain
To bless both grass and grain,
Ripening in glory for a higher good;
For be it understood
This quickening influence hath work to do,
Aiding The Good, The Beautiful, The True.

By Love's sweet impulse driven
All mortal souls draw nearest heaven.

The youth and blushing maid
Upon whose brows are laid
Time's hands full tenderly—meet and unite
And Life becomes delight.
They press with happy feet the grass;
The zephyrs come and pass;
Loving they witness in each others eyes
Visions, which Adam saw, with Eve in Paradise.
Their courtship happily begun,
Continues, though time glides away,
Till wedding bells proclaim the joyous day
Their lives melt into one,
The union of two hearts which bringeth peace
That shall continue until Time shall cease.

Beyond this changing life
The shadows, care, and strife,
Love points to kingdoms new
The soul shall tread.
Not always shall we stray
Along an earthly way;
New worlds await for those
Whom men call dead.
By this sweet influence led
The moral senses of the soul awake,
New suns arise and brighter mornings break.
The fetters that we wore
In early life can cramp our souls no more,
Our souls become as eagles loosed and free;
We spread our pinions o'er a broader sea,
Our vision pierces to more distant skies
And sees new shores and continents arise.
Unguessed surprises rise before our face;
Galaxies veiled before in depth of space;
New thoughts, new forms, along a horizon
All brilliant with the aura of a dawn
That glows to greet us as we take our way
Love-led through spheres where Love's blest spirits stray;

A mighty choral song
Swells from a countless throng;
One mighty glad refrain,
The Universe doth chain;
All forces Nature knows
The chorus doth disclose.
Rills, rivers, bayous, straits, and gulfs and seas.
The bowing forest and the glassy lake,
The hills and plains; the desert lands awake,
The stars in their eternal course
Own its controlling force,
The voices of our dead come back to us
In this grand chorus, sweet, harmonious;
And nothing doth abstain, to chant the grand refrain
That runs through space, below, around, above—
"Lord! Thou art **All;** and all **Thou** art is **Love."**

A translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.

THOU ART LIKE A SWEET FLOWER

Thou art like a sweet flower;
Graceful and pure and fair;
I gaze on thee, and o'er my heart
Sweep sorrow, pain and care.

I long to lay my hand
Gently upon thy brow
And pray that God will keep thee
Pure, graceful, fair as now.

FREEDOM'S DEAD

Weep not for those who fall in Freedom's cause;
Their sleep is sweet; True History's pencil draws
Their service, and the poets sing each name;
Their names undying live through endless ages
Engraven on the monuments of Fame.

Their names are borne by every breeze that blows;
Their fame is sung by every stream that flows;
For Freedom's dead are earth's immortal flowers,
That glorify the race; and on Time's pages
They glow, the choicest blooms, of Freedom's bowers.

O, sacred is the blood, which patriots shed;
The Ages wreathe their chaplets round each head;
Enduring monuments shall tell their story,
And every nation, which for Right engages
Shall teach its orators to tell their story.

But go ye forth and weep for him, who stands
With silent tongue and menial folded hands;
Who while around him howls the tyrannic rout,
And hideous Ignorance like a giant rages,
Lifts not a hand, or gives one free-born shout.

THE SUBSTITUTE

Wide fields rich with the year's increase;
A sweet calm resting everywhere:
O'er all the earth the smile of peace;
Peace on the sea—peace in the air.
Soft breezes from dark groves of spice,
And where the white magnolias bloom;
And whispers of a paradise
Where fluctuates the rich perfume
Of rose and lily. And the sea,
Ebbing and flowing, seems to tell
Unto the earth unceasingly
That all is peace, and all is well.

Scars vanish with the flight of years,
And social discords pass away;
Time dries the fount of bitter tears,
And in heaven's light we stand today,
Forgetting when war's flag unfurled—
When drums were beaten, fifes were blown,
And men went marching o'er the world
To where the star of battle shone,
With cheeks of iron and eyes of fire—
When hatred blew her horrid breath,
And roused the soul to deeds of ire,
While glory's path led on to death.

What cheeks were flushed with murderous rage,
What hearts were filled with wrath and hate,
What histories written on life's page,
What loves, what homes made desolate—
What words were said, what tears were shed—
The hearts that broke, the hopes which fled—
What cheering prospects passed away—
What lips met lips—no voice shall say,
No tongue can tell, no pen can write.
Wild as the ocean, which the ark

Went drifting o'er in nature's night,
Was our great discord—and as dark.

In that sad time two men I knew,
Named Thomas Wright and William Gray,
Whose strong young hearts beat proud and true,
And these two men loved Martha Ray,
Fondly and true—but neither knew
Himself beloved by her; but when
O'er all the land war's bugle blew,
Calling upon the nation's sons
To rise and arm them for the fight,
To buckle swords and carry guns,
And to strike swift and strong for right—
Each heard the cry; so ere he went,
Eager his future fate to prove,
With words of tender sentiment
Each sought the maid to tell his love.

With manly air and honest face
Will Gray came first to bid adieu,
And asked within her heart a place
In words well chosen, strong and few.
But she refused him, saying: "Friend—
For friend you are—I know not how
To frame my speech. Let friendship lend
Language to clothe my sorrow now.
Far happier would life seem to me
If your kind words had ne'er been said;
I love you not as love should be
For him to whom I may be wed;
Promise me this—that friendship still
Shall be 'twixt us; and oh! I pray
Heaven, in its boundless mercy, will
Shed on thy head a happier day."

Trembling and pale he clasped her hand
And murmured hoarsely: "Dearest one!

The lark dwells lowest in the land
Of all the birds, yet loves the sun.
And I had fondly dreamed to lift
Myself to thee, and make thee mine;
To claim thy heart—a splendid gift—
But I must bow at friendship's shrine,
Loving thee still; but love is pure—
Through the pure passion that I feel,
Thine to command, I still endure,
A constant friend in woe or weal."

Thus he went from her, bowed and lone.
The other came, his story told,
And claimed the maiden for his own;
She felt his arms around her fold
And love's hot kisses warm her cheek;
She lay upon his manly breast
Too full of happiness to speak,
Sphered in the Eden of love's rest.
The bitter pang that parting leaves
Came unto her, days flew away
On lightning wings; each man receives
Word to prepare for marching day;
And, side by side, one filled with bliss,
The other with a heart like stone,
After the farewell clasp and kiss
They sought the front where battle shone.

Time traveled on untiring feet;
Love lit the sullen hours for one,
And all his way seemed bright and sweet;
Despair shut out the other's sun—
And thus they went. Pride lifted one
And nerved his arm to strike his foes;
Love made the other's feet to run
With patriot zeal—and both men rose
From rank to rank, and both gained fame,
On fields of battle, carnage strewed;

Each heard the nation's loud acclaim,
Each earned his country's gratitude.

The field of war is dark with fate;
For he who walks with steps elate,
And he whose life is desolate,
Are destined darker days to know.
Mid cannon's roar and bugle's blow,
While each man fights and dreams of her,
Each finds himself a prisoner;
And guarded by a strong detail,
With others, they are sent to jail.

They lay amongst a motley crowd—
Some laughing—singing—others bowed
Beneath the great infliction. There
Were prayers and curses in the air.
Thomas and Will were set apart
And talking lowly. Thomas' heart
Was crushed and heavy—but for Gray
There was not e'en the blissful ray
Which shone for Thomas; for he knew
Martha loved Thomas leal and true.

A lull fell, for a soldier bore
The will of the Commander Moore.
The order ran; "An awful fate
Has visited our men of late—
Ten prisoners have been foully slain.
These men (my soldiers) plead in vain
The rights of war—condemned to die
On charge that each one was a spy
Without just trial—now I command
Ten men be drawn to meet the lot
Dealt out to mine, so foully shot.
And let them meet the fate at dawn
Of the brave soldiers who have gone
Out of our ranks. Witness my hand."

It was a fearful sight to see
Each whitening face and trembling knee
As by the guard the note was read;
Full many a deep-toned curse was said
'Gainst the commander—but no curse,
Or prayer, or passion, could reverse
The mandate. So the guards prepared
The lots—all dumb—for their hearts shared
A sympathy for men as brave,
So soon to drop into the grave.

Round went the balls, and when 'twas done
Gray held a milky marble one,
But Wright's was black. He was to die.
There broke from Gray a sudden cry—
An awful hope surged in his heart,
But the next moment with a start
He turned to Wright. "Comrade!
Give me the black, for thou must live."
"Nay!" Thomas said: "I tell ye nay,
No cowardice hath stained my brow,
And shall not in this awful day.
I am a soldier and I bow
To providence, who ruleth all;
What matter where a soldier fall,
If he be brave. I will obey."

"But Martha Ray," urged Gray again,
"What will she do, what happen, when
The courier rides down the lane
With stinging whip and stiffened rein,
To tell of thy unhappy fate?
I tell thee, man, this must not be;
Her life's as dear to me as thee;
And yet I know she loves not me.
Yield now, or it will be too late;
No one will weep if I should fall;
The guard comes now; give me the ball."

Dazed, Thomas yielded; black and white
Were quickly changed—the marvelous sight
Was witnessed by the guard between,
Who gazed in wonder on the scene—
Then Thomas fainted. Soon the guard
Spake tenderly as one who had a hard
Task, questioning: "Whom shall I say?"
The other answered—"William Gray."
He wrote and passed. When Thomas came
Unto himself he asked what name
Was given. His friend could not reply,
But others told him. Then his cry
Arose against it. Gray must live—
He would not have it. They must give
Him the black ball—all too late,
His swoon had sealed his comrade's fate.

Gray soothed him, and they sat till dawn
Talking over the times long gone
And then of Martha. "Tell her, you,"
Gray said, "my heart beat ever true,
And that I died for you and her,
Remembering the days that were
Ere battle called us. Now, good-bye;
Love makes it easier to die."

Thus passed away that fearful night;
The morning came and brought the men
Who were to seal the fate of ten
Brave soldiers. 'Twas a solemn sight.
Gray stood there in the morning light
Silent and calm. His brow was bare;
The morning breeze played with his hair,
Which curled above a forehead fair
And beautiful. The clear brown eyes
Were lifted prayerfuly towards the skies;
No tremor shook that youthful frame
From which so soon his soul of flame

Was to soar heavenward. There, grim
But with moist eyes that looked at him,
Stood the armed soldiers. Behind, lay
The brown-stained coffin. There were birds
Singing their tend'rest songs that day,
And from the jail not far away
Came the low hum of muffled words.
As men spake of the glorious gift
Which he had given, that he might lift
One, with blue eyes and golden hair,
Out of the dark depths of despair
And save a comrade. On the hills
The warm sun lay and kissed the rills.
Nature her sweetest smile put on,
Uncaring that ere day was gone
Beneath her sunlight there should be
A most stupendous tragedy.

"Kneel," came the word. He bent his knees;
And now approaching him he sees
An officer to blind-fold him. "Nay!
I need not that. Let my eyes stay
Free to the sunlight of God's day.
One moment more for thought and prayer,
Another breath of God's pure air."
He clasped his hands and lowered his brow
A moment's space; then faced them. "Now!"
"Fire!" cried the chief. The flames leaped out;
From all the crowd arose a shout
Of hate and horror. Down the vale
The echoes poured to tell the tale
How man had died for fellow man;
But one who knelt upon a knee
And felt his pulse and took his hand,
Heard, murmered like a dying breeze
That sighs in autumn through the trees,
"Martha, beloved, I die for thee."

Nine widows mourn nine husbands dead;
War's cloud rolls past and far away;
Soldiers come back with stately tread,
And Thomas Wright weds Martha Ray.

A weeping willow's shade is thrown
Over a stately shaft of stone
Which rises white o'er yonder bay;
It bears the name of William Gray;
And carved upon it you can see
These simple words: "He died for me."

COME, LET US SING

Air: "Dead March in Saul." A Hymn

Come—let us sing the love of our Creator
Upon Whose promises our hopes recline;
Who sent to earth the gracious Mediator,
To lead us unto Heaven—
To lead us unto Heaven—
To lead us unto Heaven, through Grace Divine.

Who shall ascend unto the gates of Heaven?
Who shall do service at the sacred Shrine?
He, who, his heart and soul, has freely given,
Unto our great Redeemer—
Unto our great Redeemer—
Unto our Great Redeemer, by Grace Divine.

Eternal years shall pass and fade behind them;
Still in their souls shall glow Youth's sparkling wine;
Passing in Joy, the coming years shall find them,
From Glory unto Glory—
From Glory unto Glory—
To tell the pleasing story of Love Divine.

MORNING WITHOUT DAY

When I sat and watched for him,
Mother used to say,—
"Do not fret or worry, dear;
There's another day;
Life will shower at your feet
Flower and fruitage fair and sweet;
Shadows come and shadows fleet;
There's another day."

Then he came and came again,
And my heart was cheered;—
Life was bright unto me then,
For each tender word
That he uttered, waked Desire
Into an undying fire,
Rising high and ever higher,
Till that last sad day,—

When with Banner, Fife and Drum,
On an evening gray,
I beheld him, sad and dumb,
In the long array
With his comrades marching on,
Passing, as the hours had gone,
Through the darkness to the dawn;—
Dawn that brought no day.

Now I sit and wait for him
As Time glides away;
And my eyes with tears are dim,
Struggle as I may;
Birds are singing in the pines,
Flowers are blooming on the vines,
Over earth the warm sun shines,—
Yet, there's no more day.

MARION'S RAID

As Told by An Old Soldier.

At night on the mountain our company lay
In darkness and silence awaiting the day;
Our camp-fires were guarded by brambles and vines,
And the shelter o'er head was the dark somber pines;
Unprotected we lay where the fierce mountain gale
Swept down from the heights—an Aeolian wail.
With strong reins of buckskin our horses were tied,
And wearily slept we in peace, side by side.

"Boots! Boots! And to saddle!" The order rang clear
Each man gripped the mane of his steed standing near;
Each foot to the stirrup with cheerfulness sprang,
And out through the darkness our battle cry rang,
"Hurrah for our leader! Hurrah and Away!
Our spirits are up; we're prepared for the fray!"
And, "Forward!" We heard the stern word of command,
And we rode like a thunderbolt launched through the land.

The flints flashed to fire neath our steeds iron feet;
The drum rolled in rapture, the bugle blew sweet,
As with courage and swiftness, outvieing the wind,
We rode from our camp—our companions behind—
The dark pines rose out of the darkness before us
Like sable ghosts spreading their sable arms o'er us;
A whisper went round as the call we obeyed,
"Marion's up in the saddle prepared for a raid."

The morning star climbed the cold heavens, a gleam
Of infinite beauty; it glanced on the stream
Clasped in Winter's embrace, and hushed under ice,
For winter held earth in his grip as a vise
Grips the cold rugged iron the smith fashions and forms
Into service and worth; Morn opened her arms,
For low in the east the first blush of day
Gleamed gray in the sky, driving darkness away.

At last the white tents of our foemen arose;
Unconsciousness lay heavy-eyed on our foes;
The sentinel slumbered with frost on his lashes;
Their camp-fires had smoldered to embers and ashes.
"Up! Up! Boys, and at them!" we heard from our chief,
Ah! Many's the foe that remembers with grief,
The destruction which followed that word of command,
For like whirlwinds we swept through the slumbering land.

Our sabers flashed bare with an ominous clank;
Our sabers rang loud, as rank following rank,
Like th' engulfing waves of some storm beaten sea,
Breaks on some low shore we rushed on in our glee.
A sentry awoke and his musket flashed death.
But ere he could flee we had crushed him beneath
The hoofs of our horses, and forward to slaughter
We rode as a storm driven ship rides the water.

Our sabers drank deep of the blood of our foes;
Like ghosts from their shadowy tents they arose,
All bloody and crimsoned to fall down again;
There was groaning and praying from fear stricken men,
They were answered by shouting and scorn from our clan;
For the hot blood surged up to the cheeks of each man,
As we thought of the land of our birth lying dead
And desolate under an enemy's tread.

They fell like the grass 'neath the sickles we bore,
It was terrible work, but the work was soon o'er.
We turned our steeds camp-ward, but oft we looked back
As we rode in the sunlight along the same track
We had traveled by star light; The camp was all still,
Their tents were all scattered, and silent and chill,
Pale men, stiff and stark, in death's silence were laid
On the field where they perished in Marion's last raid.

THE BATTLE IN VIRGINIA

As told by an old soldier. A story of the Civil War.

Beauty is king. 'Tis early spring,
And all the fields with music ring;
As oft before, I tread once more
The pathways of my native shore.

The balmy air floats rich and rare
From hills which rise serene and fair
While o'er them rise unclouded skies,
With azure hues of Paradise.

The rippling rills laugh through the hills,
For winter's hand no longer chills;
The spring complete showers at my feet
The cherry blossoms, white and sweet.

Rivulets flee joyous and free
In silver rimples to the sea;
From beds of snow they fall to flow
Through valleys where the violets blow.

There lies the town still nestled down
Among the hills which tower around;
As some stern guard they watch and ward
These quiet valleys of the Lord.

* * * *

How great the change since yonder range
Was crowned with guns and banners strange,
And miles on miles in long defiles,
Two hosts swept down these mountain aisles.

One wore the blue, a royal hue;
The other gray, as strong and true.
A shadow falls o'er these white walls;
The spirit of Hate and Discord calls.

I hear the beat of steady feet
Pressing along each stony street;
The rolling drum proclaims they come,
And Nature's songs are hushed and dumb.

Night shrouds the plain, and night must wane
Ere brother's blood shall brother stain;
In lurid rays the campfires blaze
On mountain sides through misty haze.

And like a ghost from post to post,
A watcher o'er the tented host,
The sentinel glides round to tell
The watching stars that all is well.

* * * *

Night whirls away; the morning gray
Slow blushes into golden day,
And shrill and clear the warriors hear
The bugle calls spread far and near.

The camp so still begins to thrill
With all the sounds of life, and chill
From mountain peaks the chill blast breaks
Upon the soldier's grizzled cheeks.

How life abounds! The trumpet sounds;
The chieftain gallops on his rounds;
Cry after cry pierces the sky
From men who dare to do, and die.

Their eyes are set, their cheeks are wet;
The bravest hearts can ne'er forget,
Home, loved ones, friends—kind memory lends
Each cherished face; the vision ends.

In battle rank from flank to flank,
Mid saber clash and musket clank
Each soldier there breathes one short prayer,
Before his war shout thrills the air.

Prepared they stand; each nerve strung hand
Grasps with firm clutch the battle brand;
Bright banners fly along the sky,
And trumpets peal triumphantly.

Hark! Hark! The guns. Our noblest sons
Fall fast where that fierce thunder runs;
A sulphurous cloud drifts like a shroud,
To hide the wild and struggling crowd.

A shrieking fife sounds through the strife
Where grisly death shakes hands with life;
And wild and high the fierce war cry
On the thick murk goes hurrying by.

Men charge—retreat—like waves which meet
To separate; how the drums beat!
The leaders cry! Men fall and die!
And still the shout is "Victory!"

Quick, sharp and short, comes the report
Of musketry—steeds neigh and snort—
Columns are formed and heights are stormed,
And held awhile, and then restormed.

Then changes come. The noisy drum
Ceases to beat; the fife grows dumb,
The cannons fail, and on the gale
Sweeps by the soldier's dying wail.

And on that plain, from every vein
Brothers have shed their blood like rain.
The blessed night shuts out the sight,
Which testifies to the nation's blight.

* * * *

They sleep! They sleep! We may not weep,
Each patriot pulse beats strong and deep
Over each grave; they died to save
What they thought right—and all were brave.

These sons of fame—what tongue of shame
Shall dare malign these souls of flame?
Nay—let us bring the flowers of spring
And deck their graves while Peace is king.

* * * *

I find release—my visions cease—
While blossoms fall and whisper, "Peace."
The gales which beat so rare and sweet
Drift cherry petals at my feet.

Along these vales the scented gales
No longer bear the Nation's wails;
Upon each tomb the flowers bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume.

And here I lie all quietly,
And watch the sunny hours go by,
These glorious hills my being thrills,
With love of life that Time never chills.

MEMORIES

I heard a skylark singing
A song so clear and free,
While through the azure winging
That Heaven came down to me.
And through the glory falling
Adown the mountain side,
I thought I heard the calling
Of spirits, glorified.

The song is hushed in silence,
And vanished is the dawn;
And from the mountain highlands
The golden glory gone,
But memory doth cherish
Their beauty o'er and o'er;
Delights which can not perish
Though they return no more.

I saw the full moon beaming,
Above a smiling sea,
The mellow radiance gleaming
On waters flashing free;
And mingling and replying
To harmonies above,
Winds o'er the waves were sighing
The tender notes of Love.

The moon has waned in glory,
And storms have swept the sea,
The breezes ceased their story,
For love has ceased to be.
Yet memory doth cherish
Their raptures o'er and o'er;
Sweet scenes which cannot perish,
Though they return no more.

I wandered with a maiden,
And gazed into her eyes,
And every glance was laden
With gleams of Paradise;
The path of life before us,
With Love's bright beams was starred,
And Heaven was shining o'er us—
For Heaven is Love's reward.

But now the maid is sleeping
A dreamless, endless sleep;
And stars their vigils keeping,
Are weeping while I weep.
Yet memory doth cherish
Her beauty o'er and o'er—
A love which cannot perish,
Though she returns no more.

MORNING

The clarion cock from the barnyard gave warning,
And paling the morning star hung in the blue;
The earth was aglow with the glory of morning
And bright was the meadow bespangled with dew;
I heard the quail whistle his notes on the highland,
A call to his partner, clear, tuneful, and strong;
And the lark was afloat in the sky like an island,
In the sea of the sky like an island of song.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

The myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is told by the Latin poets, Virgil and Ovid.

Orpheus is a musician and poet, and related to the Gods of Grecian mythology; he has the divine gift of moving animate and inanimate objects by his song; crazed by the death of Eurydice, he obtains permission to seek her in Pluto's realm, the god of the infernal regions and brother of Jupiter and Saturn.

Here Orpheus witnesses the sufferings of the condemned. Sisyphus rolling a great stone up an endless height; Ixion bound to the wheel; Tantalus, eternally cursed with hunger and thirst. The furies; Cerebus, the great three headed watch dog of Hell; the Belides striving to carry water in leaky urns; all types of suffering in the Grecian Hell.

I have endeavored to give his mission and its result in the following lines.

—Note by author.

When gathering night
Shuts out the light
And hides the landscape from my sight,
Fond memory
Brings back to me
Legends of Greece and Italy.
I read once more
The stories o'er
That thrilled my heart in days of yore;
Along my brain
They creep and chain
My mind, and thrill my heart again.
That ancient time
Of love and crime,
When blood was hot as Summer's clime,
When Greece was free,
Or Italy
Sat queen-like ruling land and sea.

* * * *

The fire light dies;
Weird shadows rise,
Deep slumber settles on my eyes.
I dream and see
The misery
Of Orpheus and Eurydice.

I hear his prayer
Rise on the air
For one removed—so young and fair.
His plaintive cry
Pierces the sky
And thrills the hearts of Gods on high.
And o'er his head
These words are shed;
"Go seek her 'mid the shadowy dead;
Where horrors creep
Pluto doth keep
Those sinful souls who fall asleep."

* * * *

He did not wait
He sought the gate
Which hedges man from future state.
Unawed by fear
Through regions drear
He passed in love's fond search for her—
The maid beloved—
So late removed
From scenes, where they together roved.
Through regions vast,
He boldly passed,
Where death rode on each chilling blast.
Forms fierce and grim,
Or vague and dim,
Along the path frowned down on him.
Where'er he came
Were light and flame
Showing the misery and shame
Of Pluto's land;
On every hand
Stern shapes in awful grandeur stand
To whom are given
Sad spirits driven
By judgment from the fields of heaven;

Those who unblessed
Find not their rest
In the fair Islands of the Blessed.
Before him shone
Great Pluto's throne,
Circled by fire—a mount of stone.
There frowned the chief,
Nor pain, nor grief,
Through him had ever found relief;
Circling in air
Were spirits there,
Who through all space his mandates bear.
The Furies stood
A hateful brood
Laughing in hellish solitude.
Hell's hideous hound
Bayed, and around
Through chasms of night echoed the sound.
In all that drear,
Vague vast, the ear
The sigh, the groan, the moan could hear;
Faces of woe
Earth used to know,
And knows no more toiled there below.
Tantalus there
Drooped with despair;
A cooling stream ran fresh and fair,
And yet in vain
He strove to gain
The brink and quench his thirst and pain.
Whirling fore'er
In anguish drear,
Ixion rose and fell in air;
No hope of rest
E'er thrilled his breast;
Among the unblessed, most unblessed.
Against his will,
But rolling, still,

Up the steep grade of a high hill,
A massive stone
To heights unknown,
Toiled Sisyphus with grief and groan.
No rest, no peace—
There never cease
The pangs of ill; there no release
The soul can cheer;
There pain and fear
Vibrate the sulphurous atmosphere.

* * * *

Dark Pluto gazed,
Dismayed, amazed,
On Orpheus; then his features blazed
With deadly hate.
"Rise, Queens of Fate,
And seize this child of earthly state,
Who undismayed
Has dared invade
In mortal guise this nether shade;
For 'tis designed
That human kind
Who enters here leaves Hope behind."
But what is this?
A note of bliss
Sweeps through the desolate abyss—
O heav'nly noise!
'Tis Orpheus' voice
Which makes the fiends of hell rejoice.
Forgetting pains
Pluto remains
Bound to his throne in blissful chains;
And powerless
To writhe or hiss
Fierce dragons listen lulled with bliss.
Still swept the song
O'er that fierce throng;

It rose sublime and echoed long;
Clear as a lark
Which flies to mark
The rising dawn while yet 'tis dark—
So his notes leapt
Like light, and swept
Through hell's drear depths; the Furies wept
For the first time;
The song sublime
Rolled on and purified of crime
The souls of hell;
Sweet as a bell,
Full, soft and clear, with Love did swell
Each tuneful note
From that brave throat,
Upon whose breath Love lay afloat,
Like some frail bark
On waters dark
Drifting with naught but stars to mark
Its onward course;
The baying, hoarse,
Of Cerberus was stilled; the force
Of hell, which chained
Ixion, deigned
To pause awhile, and then remained
Enchanted by
The melody.
Sisyphus checked the stone on high.
The wave, accursed,
No longer nursed
In Tantalus his awful thirst;
Unheeded by
The stream did fly,
Nor waked the memory of a sigh.
He thrilled each heart,
He made depart
Each bitter pang; he stilled the smart
Of years of pain,

And Hope again
Swept o'er the soul and roused the brain.
His fervid theme
Was Love—the dream
Of dawning youth; when life did seem
A holiday,
And sorrow lay
A vague, dim vision, far away.
"But now," sang he,
"Woe walks with me
Searching for my Eurydice;
Come back to me!
Come back to me!
My own beloved Eurydice."
And Love's sweet word
Flew like a bird
Through regions vast. The maiden heard.
Loosed from her foes,
Her form arose
Upon his breast to find repose.
Like light she swept;
She ran, she leapt
Into his arms, and there she wept;
As a scared dove
From storms above
Flies to its nest, she sought her love.
Then Pluto cried,
"Take thou thy bride
For Love is stronger than the tide
Of Death's cold wave;
Beyond the grave
The hand of Love doth reach, and save.
Yet hark to Fate;
Pass through the gate,
Which shuts men from the future state;
Forsake this shade;
Take thou the maid
And look not back; a curse is laid

On him who flies
To other skies,
Yet at the verge of Paradise,
Turns back to view
Scenes just passed through,
When all before is bright and new.
And so in Hell
Doth work the spell.
If ye turn not, all will be well;
But if ye fail
To this dark vale
The maid returns, to weep and wail."
He clasped her form;
He placed his arm
About her shoulders, soft and warm;
He kissed her cheek,
And pure and meek,
Her great love mantled on her cheek.
"Lead on," said she.
Then started he
From that dark vale of misery;
Forward he fled;
As swift, she sped
Behind him, from the shadowy dead.
His song beguiled
The passage wi'd,
And still enchained the demons smiled;
No stop—no stay—
They made their way
Through regions vast; at last the day
Blesses their eyes;
Before them rise
Some gloomy hills, beyond which lies
Sweet Liberty—
O! They shall be
So happy when from Death set free!
And gladly she
Doth follow; he

Up the steep hill climbs toilfully.
Thrilled with delight,
He gained the height
And, thoughtless, turned;
That moment, Night
Fell over all,
Like a great pall.
His anxious love had turned to call
Her name too soon;
The precious boon
Won by the melody of tune
Was lost, and she—
Eurydice—
Could never, nevermore, be free.
Back, back Fate led;
His arms were spread
To catch her, but in vain. The dread
Strong will of Fate
Drew her; too late
He realized with awful weight
His thoughtless act;
She, slow, retracked
The path just passed; all anguish wracked
Her glorious face,
Yet he could trace,
Forgiveness there; with weary pace
She slow returned;
His bosom yearned
To follow her; her last look burned
Like a great light
For pure and bright,
Love crimsoned o'er each feature white.
Then the fair face
Sank into space
And darkness reigned without a trace
Of his dear one;
His dream was done;
Eternal night shut out the sun.

Now—evermore—
He haunts the shore,
Calling the maiden o'er and o'er.
By babbling rills—
O'er verdant hills—
At even tide his sad voice thrills.
The sighing sea
And grassy lea
Echo his cry—"Come back to me!
Come back to me!
Come back to me!
My own beloved Eurydice."

MABEL VANE

Said Mabel Vane on the beach,
By the starlit sea,
"If I could only gain that star,
How bright my heaven would be."

Mabel Vane lies 'neath the pall,
On the rigid bier;
Her earthly wishes granted—all—
Her longed for star is near.

And who—ah, who can say,
In that far sphere of bliss,
Blessed by that star's supernal ray
How bright her heaven is?

THE FROG

Now hath the wiggling pollywog
Transformed himself into a frog;
And being young and rather gay
He croaks about it all the day.

Upon some reed-embowered bank
He opes his throat and turns the crank;
Or on some smooth convenient log,
He tells how he became a frog.

He's like some persons I have seen;
He thinks he's smart, although he's green.
Or some who think they have a voice,
But only make a tiresome noise.

A self made man will sing the praise,
Of his creator all his days;
His pride of learning, power, pelf,
Gives him a chance to praise himself.

YOUR HOSIERY

I watch you, darling, as you cross the street,
For you're a very pleasing sight to me,
But one thing almost lifts me from my seat;
Your hosiery—your hosiery.

One day in blue you travel through the town,
Another and a shade of pink I see;
Next time I see you, you have changed to brown,
Your hosiery—your hosiery.

A trim silk stocking on a rounded limb
Has always an attractiveness for me;
Silk or lisle threads on underpinnings trim,
Look well, dear heart, in hosiery.

But as I see you daily in parade,
Upon a sea of fear my soul is tossed;
I think of what you wear, and I'm afraid;
I count the cost, sweetheart,
I count the cost.

GWINE FOH TEH RAIN

A Negro Melody

Air: "Turkey in the Straw."

Raincrow callin' by de ribber bank:
Peacock yonkin' on de front yahd lawn;
Thusty tree-frog callin, feh a drink;
Gwine teh rain, jes as sho, as yo' bawn!

Chorus:

Gwine teh rain! Gwine foh teh rain!
Blessin's comin' feh grass an' grain;
Bloom's on cotton—tossel's on de cawn;
Gwine foh teh rain jes as sho' as yo' bawn.

Chorus:

Dew drops heaby on de pascheh grass;
Black snake's trace in de sand and dus';
Smoke fallin' down as de east winds pass;
Marsh frogs croakin' as if dey bus'.

Chorus:

Leaves tuhned up teh a grayish sky;
Lazy Lawrence dancin' on de cawn;
Gwine teh rain, uh I hopes teh die;
Gwine teh rain, jes' as sho' as yo' bawn.

Chorus:

Gwine teh rain! Gwine foh teh rain!
Blessin's comin' foh grass an' grain;
Bloom's on cotton—tossel's on de cawn;
Gwine foh teh rain jes' as sho' as yo' bawn.

TO THE ALUMNI OF CULVER-STOCKTON COLLEGE

Where Spring time smiles with emerald hue,
And bluest skies bend over,
My footprints crush the diamond dew,
The blue grass and the clover;
For Culver-Stockton's paths are fair,
The finest ever walked on;
And many a student gathers there;
Three cheers for Culver-Stockton.
Culver-Stockton is the school—
Culver-Stockton College—
Where youths are taught the Golden Rule,
Supremest gift of knowledge.

And boys and maidens gather there,
Eager for life's endeavor;
For sterner duties to prepare,
They meet awhile and sever.
But memory ever shall recall
The lessons which they talked on
And spread a glory over all;
Hurrah for Culver-Stockton.
Culver-Stockton is the school—
Culver-Stockton College—
Where youths are taught the Golden Rule,
Supremest gift of knowledge.

The years will come, the years will go,
The feet of fate may tramp us;
No greater pleasure shall we know,
Than Culver-Stockton campus.
The clouds may shade the skies of Life,
And draughts of Sorrow fill us,
But mid the struggle and the strife,
Loved memories shall thrill us.
Culver-Stockton is the school—
Culver-Stockton College—
Where youths are taught the Golden Rule,
Supremest gift of knowledge.

A toast to every student here,
A toast to those who teach us;
As down the stream of life we steer
May no misfortune reach us.
May wisdom still extend her hands
And guide our feet from folly
And lead us on to better lands,
Where everything is jolly.
Culver-Stockton is the school—
Culver-Stockton College—
Where youths are taught the Golden Rule,
Supremest gift of knowledge.

BOATMAN'S SONG

From the German

The full moon in glory illumines the sky,
And soft o'er bright waters, the breezes go by;
Darling, come fearlessly, my canoe waits for thee;
Lovingly wait I here; O, come to me!

Faintly the splendid stars glisten above;
Moonlight and starlight whisper of love;
Hear how my heart's desire runs through my song like fire,
While here I wait for thee; O, come to me!

Gladden thy youth with the song and the dance;
Crown thy young life with flowers bright May time grants;
Youth passes swiftly by; Love stays eternally;
Faithfully wait I here—O, come to me!

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Below sweeps the river;
It flows on forever,
Its tide failing never,
In search of the sea;
The blue sky bends over,
And light like a lover
Its gray waters cover,
And valley and lea;
The glow of existence
Comes from the far distance;
The fight for subsistence
Which ever shall be.

The cloud shadows rally
Their ranks in the valley;
And soft breezes dally
With grass and with grain;
O'er the distant horizon
The day's glory lies on
The dim hills and dies on
The pale sky and plain.
The zephyrs are dancing
With verdure; advancing,
Retreating; entrancing
The eye and the brain.

Continually flowing
The broad river glowing,
Sweeps onward unknowing
The path to the deep.
With faith growing firmer
Its crystal waves murmur,
Of seas where the summer
In bliss lies asleep;
Where breakers are crashing
On fair shores, and dashing
Eternally; flashing,
Unchained in their sweep.

My soul like the river
Moves onward forever,
The source failing never,
That urges it on.
I know not the ocean
Where every emotion,
Of Life, Love, Devotion,
Shall find a new dawn;
But I know I shall find it,
With Heaven behind it,
As Godhood designed it
When this life is gone.

A LONG, LONG TIME AGO

I laid face down on mother's knee
A long, long time ago,
And she was reaching after me
A long, long time ago.
My eyes were fixed upon the floor;
My frame was feeling awful sore;
I yelled, "I won't do that no more,"
A long, long time ago.

My mother used a hickory sprout.
A long, long time ago;
Her arm was muscular and stout
A long, long time ago.
She cut great gashes in my pants,
Jerusha! How I wished to dance!
But then I didn't have no chance
A long, long time ago.

That thrashing made me very tired
A long, long time ago;
'Twas not a thing to be desired
A long, long time ago;
She said; "My son, whene'er I talk,
It's not worth while for you to balk,
For you have got to walk the chalk."
She said that long ago.

What's this? My eyes are filled with tears
For that long time ago;
O, memories of other years!
Years of the long ago;
The seasons come, the streamlets flow,
The grass grows green, the flowers blow,
The sunlight falls and drifts of snow,
Fall on her grave since long ago.

I go my way with weary feet
Since that long time ago;
Few are the old time friends I greet
Since that long time ago;
But yet, wherever I may be
My memory recalls to me,
The time I laid on mother's knee
A long, long time ago.

LIFE

Morn

Night and the shades of night
Fade from the mountains;
Light and the glow of light
Flash on the fountains;
Glistening, on bud and leaf,
The dew reposes;
Morn, and the joy of life—
Promise of roses.

Noon

Now the ascending sun
On his flight wending,
Half of his course has run,
Westward descending.
Glory of Life and Bloom
Nature discloses;
Waftings of rich perfume—
Blossoming roses.

Night

Now on the tired sight
Darkens the levin;
The sun's departing light
Fades out of heaven;
Over the mountain height,
Swift twilight closes;
Silence, and chill, and night—
And faded roses.

THE HARVEST BEYOND

If all the sky were clouded,
If every star were dim,
And all the winds were sighing
One long funeral hymn;
If life were naught but sorrow,
Which would not pass away,
What life would wish the morrow,
Or hope a better day?

If all the silver fountains,
Were lost in desert lands,
And all the earth's rugged mountains
Glared over barren lands,
What motive to press onward
And seek a better way?
Or lift our glances sunward
To Heaven's brighter ray?

Between the clouds, the sunshine
Gilds all the hills with gold;
The stars flood all the heavens
With radiance untold;
The Spring time winds keep singing,
The promise of the year;
And Hope is ever springing
To banish every fear.

Ever, by glade and meadow
The river's waters glide,
And laughing sun and shadow
Are playing on its tide;
Pouring with gentle motion
A current strong and free,
To mingle with the ocean
And blend eternally.

So—streams of Life are moving
In an unending tide,
With hoping and with loving
Unto a sea more wide;
Whatever fate betide us,
We yet shall reach that sea,
And in its bosom hide us,
As free as it is free.

A HYMN

Lord of Life and all Creation,
Guide us in our journey here;
Lead us on through every station
'Til our destined goal appear;
Help us—hold us—
Guard, enfold us;
May we know Thee, ever near.

If our path is dark before us
Let Thy light the gloom dispel;
And if dangers gather o'er us,
May we feel that all is well;
We may falter—Lord, restore us;
Give us strength Thy love to tell.

When we cross Death's chilling river,
Hold us by Thy strong right hand;
Strong Protector—Gracious Giver—
Lead us to the better Land,
There to know Thy love forever
When we join the spirit band.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES

Old Winter has come and the forest
Has scattered its vesture of green;
Let us sing a sad song
As we journey along;
It may help to enliven the scene;
All Nature is changing its clothing,
Though the garb of old Winter she loathes;
To me, 'twould be nice
If I just had the price
To buy me a new suit of clothes.

Chorus:

Bring back—bring back—
Bring back my money to me;
It would be mighty nice
If I just had the price
To buy me a new suit of clothes.

Some persons wear clocks on their stockings,
While others have clocks on the shelf;
Some persons wear watches
And others are watched;
And I—I am watching for pelf.
Let's continue the rhyme
And have a good time,
Clocked stockings and clocks on the shelf;
All ye who wear watches
And ye, who are watched;
But I—I'll keep watching for pelf.

Chorus, repeat.

There are many who bathe in the ocean
And others who bathe in a tub;
I never go into the water at all;
I stand on the outside and scrub.

I don't need the ocean to bathe in,
Nor a tub, though a tub wouldn't hurt,
But by soaping and groping,
And rubbing and scrubbing,
I manage to get rid of dirt.

Chorus:

Bring back—bring back—
Bring back my money to me;
For 'twould be mighty nice,
If I just had the price
To buy me a new suit of clothes.

DUTY

Strong Guide along the path our feet must go,
Lighting the way our struggling souls pursue,
However well defined, or bright its glow—
However strong our faith, and will to do;
The unknown wilds our feet must struggle through,
Create a serried host of doubts, and so,
Whether the path be rough, or all aglow,
Smooth and delightful—there are sprites, which woo,
Us from the way; we shirk, we shrink, we fail;
But sweet as balm—O, Duty! to the soul
Is thy reward to him who seeks thy goal,
And struggles on, whatever foes assail;
For he shall find his path leads to an end,
Where psalms for duty done, to Heaven ascend.

AMERICA.

Not thine to hold the world in awe,
America,
But to uphold the reign of the law,
America,
With equal justice, equal rights,
To pierce the darkness of the nights,
And lift men to supremer heights,
America.

To lift the torch of liberty,
America,
A beacon on life's troubled sea,
America,
Where weary wanderers made the sport
Of adverse tempests may resort,
And find a calm and peaceful port,
America.

And thine to speed across the wave
America,
The freedom that our fathers gave
America,
The reign of right upheld by law;
To hold foul anarchy in awe,
And clip disorder's sharpened claw,
America.

Thine to uphold the guarantee,
America,
Our fathers framed, to make men free;
America,
With love of Liberty imbued,
To scatter into solitude
The spawn of riot's slimy brood;
America.

IN THE WOODLAND

Come with me beloved; O, come, let us go,
To the green shady woods where the wood-peckers grow;
There we'll sit at our ease, and watch sapsuckers tap
The trunks of the trees, and drink gallons of sap.

We'll gather wild cat-tails and keep off the cattle;
Our baby shall rattle the rattle snake's rattle;
We'll listen with joy to the humble bee's hums,
While the tumble-bug tumbles his ball with his thumbs.

Large red ants will travel in search of their aunts,
And pantingly look for a place in our pants;
Grand-daddies remind us of grand-parents dead
While the cock-roach will roost in the roach on your head.

Though the honey-bee sees us, he never deceives;
The walking leaf leaves his foot-print on the leaves;
The cricket will cheer with his chirr, I expect,
Though his hoarse tones may show he's a crick in his neck.

Great coveys of quail will quail when they see
We are seated at ease 'neath the old cedar tree;
The black crow will croak; we'll be cause for his caws,
While our babe, with his paw, gathers juicy paw-paws.

So fill up the basket; the sparrows will spare
Enough for our meal, if we hide it with care;
And fear not the robin will rob us, for he
Is merrily looking for worms on the lea.

The whine of the winds shall thrill through us like wine,
And the sighing of pines shall not cause us to pine;
The thresher shall thresh on the foliage o'erhead,
While the flicker shall hammer the branches instead.

From the silkweeds we'll gather a garment of silk,
And the milkweed shall furnish us barrels of milk;
From straw we will gather a dish of strawberries,
And with cheers we will cherish a pie made from cherries.

And then we'll return when evening returns,
With ferns for our furniture; maiden hair ferns;
And baby shall babble a Babel of noise,
And play with his playthings, and toy with his toys.

GETHSEMANE

Gethsemane! Gethsemane! Where Salem's wall arise,
Close to the city's ancient gate thy little garden lies;
And there at night thy Saviour, while his attendants sleep,
In sorrow treads thy lonely paths, to bleed and pray and weep.

The grief he knew, they could not know; the burdens of the path,
Down which his tired feet must go; the fell decrees of wrath;
The horrors of the coming day, the hatred dark and deep;
And so alone he went his way, to bleed and pray and weep.

And still the tired feet of men go down the lonely way;
They walk in night as he walked then to meet the coming day,
And struggle upward to the heights Love's golden grain to reap,
While weary watchers fold their hands, and close their eyes in sleep.

How shall one feel another's woe, or know his heart's desire?
The path o'er which his feet must go, may glow with hallowed fire,
Or night may shroud his onward path, and shadows dark and deep,
Malignant messengers of wrath; yet, his companions sleep.

For life is not a constant round of glowing days and nights
Not always has the martyr found, the good for which he fights.
If life be short, or life be long, the fighter bond or free,
His struggle burdens all his song; he finds Gethsemane.

TO A THRUSH

Thou gentle warbler of the spring,
With ashy breast and auburn wing,
I greet thee as a blessed thing;
For thou hast come
To tell us that all birds shall sing
And Nature bloom.

Before the trees have donned their green,
Thou charmest the freshly budding scene
And cheerest us with thy notes serene.
Thy warbling tongue,
From winter's changes seems to glean
A joy unsung.

Oft from some weather beaten oak
Which long hath stood the tempest's shock,
The lightning's flash, the woodman's stroke,
Thou pourest thy praise,
Ere earth hath donned the vernal cloak
Of Spring's soft days.

Then, when the springtime grass is wet,
Thou broodest o'er the violet
And pourest thy song unto thy mate
Upon her nest;
And listening to thee, I forget
All my unrest.

Sweet Poet of all that vernal birth,
Which wakes all Nature into mirth,
And vivifies a sleeping earth,
Sing on! Sing on!
The Earth shall realize thy worth
When thou art gone.

Thus should the poet's song be sung
For rich and poor, for old and young,
With sweet, melodious, joyous tongue,
To thrill the heart.
Thus should his tuneful lyre be strung
With magic art.

Thus should Love's artless tale be told;
Thus Peace, with rapture uncontrolled,
Proclaim her blessings; not in bold
And haughty voice,
But in a tongue untouched by cold,
Which cries, "Rejoice!"

Thus Life should be one lasting song,
Of manful work, deep-willed and strong;
An earnest struggle against wrong;
A manly fight;
To help each fainting heart along,
And 'stablish right.

DREAMLAND

I know a land where flowers bloom, evermore;
Birds sing in groves of spice on that weird shore;
Fairy shadows lightly flit over bright streams;
I see this land of flowers ever in dreams.

Fancy is there, awake, weaving sweet spells;
Music from bush and brake, ceaselessly wells;
Sprites fairer, far, than earth's, float 'neath soft skies,
Singing glad songs that bring rest to tired eyes.

Often I wander there, seeing in dreams,
Far through that magic air angelic gleams
Of faces, that long ago passed from the earth—
But in fanciful slumber once more have birth.

TO A STAR

Still is the night; the darkness has descended;
Descended on my pathway like a veil
Which falls across the face when life has ended.
Calm and serene the shining planets sail
Through heaven, like ships on ocean; now the gale
Comes, bearing the aroma summer yields
From blooming hill and flower scented vale
And soft, green grasses, shimmering in the fields,
Then with a goodnight kiss, to other faces, steals.

The katydid, in low monotonous warning,
Foretells the frosty days the earth shall see;
The cricket in the grass chirps of the morning,
And all the summer glory yet to be;
The sounds of Nature are as sweet and free
As Nature's own appearance; while I rove
Beneath night's firmament, that boundless sea,
Bright, deathless stars watch o'er me from above,
Shining with eyes of sympathy and ceaseless love.

O Silver Star! Beneath thy radiant orb
The flashing sunbeams of the sun are set;
Roll round thy circle, and bid light absorb
The darkness, where primeval night is yet,
As in that eon when the Triune met
To fashion thee;—Thou signal of the Night!—
Fly—while men's little systems chafe and fret;
Sweep on in calm, and from conceiveless height
Dispense on lesser worlds thine everlasting light.

The history of our little world is thine;
Our deepest wisdom but a thought to thee;
For thou hast seen all ages of mankind,
Which Time has swept into Eternity.
All things are lost within that boundless sea,
And thou hast seen them vanish one by one;
Of all the past thou holdest the hidden key,—
That past, which hides the acts which men have done,
And, evermore shall hide, with every rounding sun.

As I now gaze, perchance, there gazed on thee
The first great parents of the human race;
Thy lucid beams descending tenderly
Upon each eager, knowledge seeking face;
Night after night, perchance, they sought to trace
Thy path along the sky; and 'neath thy light
When sin had come, with slow and weary pace,
They may have passed from Eden into night;
And Paradise have vanished forever from their sight.

Assyria grew strong beneath thee, and became
As though she ne'er had been; and Babylon,
As if to put all former powers to shame,
Displayed her pomp and glory to the sun.
Her valorous kings great power and honor won,
But thou didst smile after their sun had set;
Beneath thee Nineveh her course has run;
Thou sawest the Ocean's surging billows fret
In those historic days, as they are fretting yet.

The summits of the Pyramids to thee
Shone, when thy slanting radiance fell athwart
The sandy desert; it was thine to see
Great Egypt, when she glowed the busy mart
Of all the nations; thou didst cheer the heart
Of that great sculptor when he carved in stone
The glorious Sphinx, which with its stony heart
Sits watching on the desert there, alone,
And speaking greater things than any human tone.

And Thebes and Heliopolis went out;
Palmyra wasted 'neath Time's glittering sword;
Religions recognized were put to doubt,
And gods forgotten that men once adored;
Knowledge flowed over Greece, like water poured
From crystal vases, and Rome unswept
By Goth or Vandal, precious knowledge stored
In many granaries, until Alaric leapt
Down from his mountain heights, and human culture slept.

Thus shrines have risen and shrines have fallen to dust;
Thus kings have ruled and kings have lost their power,
And generations passed, as still they must;
For every cycle has its little hour.
Mind meets with mind and thus evolves the flower
Of human thought; and Science growing through the years
Serves but to 'stablish an Eternal Power
Which all the universe of realms uprears;
Which made the worlds of Space, and guides them in their spheres.

And while I gaze on thee, my soul is taught
Of my Creator a grand simile;
Thou see'st all things that the years have wrought,
And yet, thou art the same, continually;
Thou roundest in thy orbit, and to me,
Even as I gaze, thy twinklings seem to play
With all the mildness of Infinity,
Alike upon the upright in thy way,
And on the wicked wretch, who, trembling shuns the day.

And I go onward, trusting, and in calm;
For thou reflectest some faint light, which shines
From the dear face of Him, Whose child I am;
About thee, all my spirit intertwines,
And in each starry sphere my soul divines
That everlasting music, which was made,
First, when the different worlds took up their lines
Through the dark Universe, where God has laid
The finger of His power, and all His power displayed.

Roll on! Roll on, forever! Glorious sphere!
My deepest longings may not climb to Thee;
For all my soul is passion-burdened here;
Gain thou, from every age, new mystery,
And gaining nearer grow to Deity.
My faint hope is, in some far age to grow
With master souls, and in new worlds to see
All that immortal spirits learn and know,
And walk upon thy breast as I walk earth below.

To The American Legion:

THE STARS AND STRIPES

What of our flag?
Our flag was made for free men,—
For strong men,—for true men,—
Such as our land doth give;
And it flies in the skies,
That earth may realize,
That patriots will die
So that Freedom may live.

What of the thread?
The thread was spun to show men
A vision of glory,
Free,—waving in the sky;—
And its warp and its woof,
On staff, wall and roof,
Tell us, "Freedom shall live
And Tyranny die."

What of its red?
It glows like the morning;
The dawn of a glory,
Which drives the night away;
The land and the sea
Clap their hands and are free
In the glad light,—the new light
Of Freedom's perfect day.

What of the white?
The white is a symbol
To typify the hopes of men
Which ever shall endure;
With a homage divine
They bow at the shrine,
Where the bright light of Freedom
Glows spotless and pure.

What of its blue?
The blue proclaims the glory
Of cloudless day,—the glad day
Of heaven's perfect blue;
And maiden and youth
Lift eyes and hearts of truth,
To the flag which protects
The Good and the True.

What of the stars?
They glitter in its azure;
They speak a land of Sovereign states,—
A land where all are free;
Each star is a gem
In a starry diadem,
Glowing in a blue sky,
That all the world may see.

What of the stripes?
They typify our union;
Symbols of that vision
For which our fathers bled;
When with gaze on the skies
And bright and dauntless eyes,
They wrote their names on Glory's page
With the Immortal dead.

All hail to the flag;
The banner of our country;—
When glad peace, and true peace
Returns to bless our land,
May all our gallant sons
With the dawn of the suns,
Cry,—Hail! Hail! To Thee!
Blest ensign of the Free.

A pledge to the flag;—
May never tyrant tear it,
Nor Treason's foul and loathsome hands
Upon its folds be laid;
May our brave sons,—Columbia's sons
To greater triumphs bear it,
And never stripe or star, or hue
Of that loved banner fade.

ON OTTER CREEK

Monroe County, Missouri

O, little creek of Otter, how soft thy waters glide;
While birch, and elm, and maple are waving by thy side;
And gentle winds are breathing the rapture of the days,
And clinging vines are wreathing the charm of woodland ways.

Above thy sparkling current arches the azure skies,
And fleecy clouds are floating over thy paradise,
While sunlight falls in glory with soft prismatic hues,
Flashing from pebbly ripples like morn on sunlit dews.

To thee, I've come in springtime, when winds were breathing low,
To listen to the singing birds and hear thy waters flow;
There clumps of service berries, and smiling hawthorns blow;
And blossoming wild cherry and redbud all aglow.

And lilies-of-the-valley were blooming in the shade;
And there the first sweet violet its purple hues betrayed;
And star-like daisies springing whitened the wild-wood ways,
And cardinals were singing through all the vernal days.

And often in the summer, thy babbling stream would raise
A soft and gentle murmur—a constant hymn of praise;
And later with my tackle, when Autumn's glories glowed,
I've heard the dead leaves crackle as on thy banks I strode.

How often, O, how often, when wearied with the heat,
I've let thy cooling waters refresh my tired feet,
And plunged into the crystal depths of thy refreshing wave
And felt thy crystal coolness my tired body lave.

But these are only memories of young and glowing youth,
When all the days were sunlit; ere time's destroying tooth,
Had cropped the verdure from the grass, the freshness from the flower.
And visions of the future came gleaming every hour.

No more upon thy verdant slopes, my aging form shall lie;
No more 'neath waving arms of shade survey a glowing sky;
No more my naked feet shall feel thy cooling water lave,
Or plunge my form into thy depths, or float upon thy wave.

No more on active limbs I'll tread thy pleasant woodland ways,
Listening to squirrels overhead, or chattering of jays;
For time runs in a constant stream fast as thy waters flow,
And bears me from the days of dreams my boyhood used to know.

But whereso e'er my pathway leads, memory brings the rune,
Of water under smiling skies babbling a soothing tune;
And whereso e'er my feet may tread, this thought is borne to me;
"Though all the dreams of youth are fled, we yet, shall reach
the Sea."

JUST HANGING ROUND

You ask me why, my darling, that I am always found,
About the place;
I like your face;
And I keep hanging round;
Just hanging round, my darling,
Only just hanging round.
Your gentle voice
Makes me rejoice,
And I keep hanging round.

When I was young, I knew a man,
Who broke into a store,
And tried to steal most everything there was upon the floor;
And in his work he killed a clerk,
And guilty he was found,
And so, the sheriff swung him up,
And he kept hanging round.
Just hanging round, my darling;
Only just hanging round.
You see the sheriff had no choice,
So, kept him hanging round.

WAR

The carrion crows are on the heights
And famished wolves are in the vales;
Through shrouded days and glaring nights
Resound a stricken people's wails.
And Famine with gaunt features stalks
Along the former pleasant walks,
And flaunts her misery, and mocks
In fiendish glee, on all the gales.

And ravening with nail and tooth,
Grim War upon his famished steed,
Rides forth to smite the flower of youth
And make the hearts of millions bleed;
The skies of heaven are overcast,
And woe comes driving thick and fast
With Death who rides upon the blast,
Sowing Destruction's poisonous seed.

The fields are swept of grass and grain;
The cattle perish by the way;
The homes which once bedecked the plain
Where merry children used to play,
In leaping flames have lit the sky,
And blackened heaps of ashes lie,
Where once Contentment blessed the eye
Beneath the light of Yesterday.

And o'er the lands the thunder roars;
The clash of battle smites the ear;
A baleful light to heaven soars
And cities crumble; far and near
The shriek of death, the groan of pain,
The serried ranks, the thundering wain,
With dead and wounded in the train,
Sad harvest of an evil year.

The boast of culture, and the wealth
That centuries of toil upraise,

Untouched by theft, or wrenched by stealth,
Are lost where discord smite and slays;
And all the blessings men have gained;
The shrines upreared, the good obtained
When peace, and toil, and commerce reigned
Have vanished in these evil days.

O Christ! Who hung upon the cross
And died to teach the ways of Peace,
Come back to earth; stretch hands across
The gulfs of space, that War may cease.
Make true the song the Angel Choir
Sang on the night, thy star like fire
Kindled on earth the blest desire,
"Good will to men; on Earth be Peace."

TO MOBERLY, MISSOURI

The greatness which thy sons have sought
Has come to thee; thy years are fraught
With stores of wealth, which Labor wrought.

And all the years which lie before
Shall hold for thee a greater store;
And spread thy borders more and more.

Upward and Onward be thy way;
No adverse hand can stop or stay;
True to thyself, none can betray.

Dowered by the hand of smiling Fate;
Be just and strong; be truly great;
The pride, of all our glowing State.

JUST FOR A MAN

There is a chapel, which, the walls
Of London's Tower enclose;
And there sleep some of *Henry's wives
Distributed in rows.
I went to see the musty room,
Their sleeping place to scan;
And thought how women often lose
Their heads, just for a man.

King Henry was a fat old man,
Not gifted with much grace,
And yet he couldn't keep the girls
From hanging round the place;
He seemed to have mesmeric charms
For all the female clan,
Who flocked by platoons to his arms,
Just worshipping the man.

And quite a few were lying there
And they were very quiet;
They must have thought Old London Tower
A first rate place to die at.
For when he went to see a girl
Not one his suit would ban,
Content, it seems, to lose their heads
Just for a fat old man.

And there I saw the chopping block
The headsman used to use,
When Henry was a little vexed
By some unpleasant news;
If Mary Jane had gone astray
Contrary to his plan,
The axe came down the same old way,
Just for a fat old man.

---

*Henry VIII.

There's one good thing that Henry did
Before he slept in death;
He gave to England her best Queen,
The great Elizabeth.
For she was wise and gracious, too,
And knew just how to plan;
She'd not consent to lose her head
For any kind of man.

MODERN ELIXIRS

Double, double, toil and trouble, take an old horse from the stubble;
Curry down his cuticle—curry it and clean it well;
Take pure water with no rocks in—
And a thimble full of toxin;
Never mind about the weather; stick a needle through his leather,
Some place where the hide is thin; quickly shoot the toxin in.

Keep this work up every day—
Stuff his ribs with corn and hay,
And the time will happen soon
Pegasus will be immune.

Now draw serum from his body,
Make a clear carbolic toddy;
Take your syringe, fire away;
Cure all sickness with the whey;
And however hard you try,
You can never, never die.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

Brightly the sun of summer glows;
The winds are blowing bland,
Where Avon's peaceful water flows
Through England's smiling land.

It sings the anthem of the years,
Forever flowing down:
And on its grassy bank uprears
The walls of Stratford town.

A little church, a graceful tower,
Uplifted to the sky;
And there as a perpetual dower
The bones of Shakespeare lie.

I stood beside his grave and read,
Engraved upon the stones,
The curse he launched upon the head
Of him who moved his bones.

Within the chancel's narrow space
The poet's portrait hung;
The light of wisdom on a face
Mature, but ever young.

Remembrance turned the glowing page
His wondrous genius wrought,
And flashed upon the mimic stage,
Bright, airy food for thought.

Of growing pleasure, shades of woe,
The shafts of ridicule,
Strong words with Wisdom all aglow,
Or babblings of a fool.

The wondrous throng his art portrayed
And made forever free,
Along the halls of memory strayed
And turned their eyes on me.

Ghost, witch and fairy, elfin, gnome,
The spirits of the air,
Came, seeking for the haunts of home,
And seemed to find it there.

The mighty names of history
Writ on Time's glowing page,
He gave new life, which shall endure
Through every coming age.

Kings, knights, and prelates swept along,
And chancellors of state;
Children of grief, or sons of song,
And souls obscure or great.

His clowns and buffoons still parade,
With gesture, smirk and boast;
And Macbeth shivering and dismayed,
Starts back from Banquo's ghost.

The airy sprites that wait on men
Yet haunt the mountain side,
And in the shadows of the glen
His elves and fairies hide.

The airy children of his brain
That ne'er knew mortal birth,
Come forth to walk the earth again,
And gladden all the earth.

Still Portia cites Venetian law
To save Antonio;
And Juliet shows how Love doth draw
Her soul to Romeo.

And sweet Viola tells with fear,
Of wild tempestous gales,
And Desdemona, charmed, doth hear
Othello's wondrous tales.

And all the charms which kindle love
These luckless lovers know;
Misfortune's victims, on they move
Beneath their weight of woe.

Sleep, in thy narrow, chanceled grave;
Great poet of the years;
Thy genius to the ages gave
Far more of smiles than tears.

Still keep enshrined the Master's dust,
Fair, little Stratford fane,
A greater form, ye keep in trust,
Than earth shall see again.

Forever sing unto the sea,
Bright, little Avon river,
For there, thy Shakespeare sleeps by thee
Forever and forever.

THE GALLANT PHTHOLOGNYRRH

A Limerick*

There was a young gallant named Phtholognyrrh,
Who asked for the hand of Miss Vologny rrh;
When she answered him "Gno!"
He said, "Let 'er go!
And let joy go with her, dad Bolognyrrh!"

*A key to the above Limerick reveals the complexity of the English Language as it is written and spelled; Phth is T as found in the word Phthisic, and words of kindred derivation; olo has the sound of ur as we find it in Colonel; gn is the sound of N as found in gnat and gnostic, and numerous other words; yrrh is the sound of er, as in words like myrrh; so the young gentleman's name is Turner; the same key unlocks the other words.
Author.

L—ENVOI

Hail and farewell! My ship awaits
A fairer sky and favoring breeze,
To sail beyond the harbor gates
To richer, grander destinies.

Too long my bark has touched the shore,
Too long my anchor dragged the sand,
Too long the breakers surge and roar
Have kept me from a fairer land.

But now the tides shall bear me on
To fairer lands and brighter seas,
For from the distant horizon
Come zephyrs murmuring of keys

That lift fair fronts to limpid waves
Where wildfowl flash 'neath skies of blue;
Green lands, unflecked with rounded graves,
Where aging souls their youth renew.

I go. No dread of coming storm
Or frowning seas shall kindle fear;
The Siren's song comes with its charm
Calling to good denied me here.

Then breast, my bark, enchanted seas,
Bear me to lands Earth may not know,
To solve eternal destinies,
In the Unknown to which I go.

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